UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

What Shall We Do with the Militarists? - - - - - - - - - - *Lola Maverick Lloyd*

The Doom of the Duce - *John Haynes Holmes*

Semantics and Referent - - *May Stranathan*

John Wesley Psychoanalyzed

A Book Review by Charles Lyttle

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

In the Name of Humanity

Has the world grown callous to the horrors of modern war? Day after day there are reports from Spain and China of the ruthless slaughter from the air and the sea of hundreds of women and children and the world seems to take it for granted. Not everybody, however, is prepared to accept these massacres with a shrug of the shoulder. There is, for instance, the Rt. Rev. Peter Bryce, Moderator of the United Church of Canada, who issued an appeal "In the Name of Humanity" against these outrages.

> In the name of our common humanity [he wrote] and with all the strength of my being, I protest against the awful massacre of men, women and children as reported day by day from China and Spain.
>
> I can no longer be silent. I cry out against this thing that in recent months has brought terror to the faces of countless children; this thing that comes out from the sea and belches forth destruction to a defenseless village; this thing that without a moment's warning descends from the air upon the shopping district of a great city.
>
> We read that "Hundreds of bodies were horribly twisted and turned black." "Rivulets of blood ran down the trolley tracks." "Bodies were torn to fragments. Arms and legs were flattened against building fronts." The man in the street fitly describes it as wholesale, stark, brutal, hellish murder, and no diplomat can change this judgment of the great mass of the people. They are sick with the horror of this fearful blot on our civilization.
>
> The governments of the world should know by the strength of public expression that millions upon millions of people are being outraged in every humanitarian instinct as each day brings new stories of untold suffering from the arena of warfare.
>
> The mighty power of sentiment against all that is involved in modern warfare may yet save the world from disaster if it is expressed, individually by the peoples of the world, and if it is crystallized into action by governments, compelled to do so through the sheer force of the weight of public opinion.
>
> *Nofrontier News Service*

(*Continued on page* 48)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXII MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1938 No. 3

EDITORIAL

Curtis W. Reese

DEMOCRACIES MUST COÖPERATE

The more or less democratic countries have temporized so long with the madmen of Germany and Italy and the demigod of Japan that they now face what seems to some of their diplomats the necessity of sacrificing another democratic victim on the altar of Fascism. As this is written, Czechoslovakia, the proposed victim, is still objecting to the ritual although consenting to some dismemberment. She has gained a temporary delay; but she may have been sacrificed completely by the time these lines are in print. In any event, by her calmness and courage in face of impending extinction, Czechoslovakia has written a brilliant chapter in the history of democratic society. But whatever the outcome for Czechoslovakia, Europe moves closer to the final battle to determine whether the democratic period in European history shall end and be superseded by the tyranny of the swastika. When that battle starts, it is our opinion that the temporizing diplomats will be superseded in their own lands by less timid statesmen who will welcome the aid of the hammer and sickle, and that democracy will once again have a chance to build more firmly on foundations of economic justice and political integrity. The pity is that the democratic and collectivist countries could not long since have coöperated in an early calling of the bluff of the dictators, and so have avoided the present desperate situation. Surely the lesson has been learned, and further sacrifices will not be necessary. Democracies must coöperate or die.

MUSSOLINI GOES ANTI-SEMITIC

Now that Mussolini has come into the open as an ally of Hitler not only in international politics but also in anti-Semitism, it is clear that the future of the Jews of Europe is linked with the fortunes of democracy. The opinion previously held by many liberals that while Naziism involved anti-Semitism, Fascism did not and would not, has been found utterly erroneous. Whatever the motives for his recent action, Mussolini's true colors have now been flashed in the face of the world. He is no less anti-Semitic than Hitler. He will now vie with Hitler in heaping abuse on the heads of the long-suffering Jews of Central Europe; and he will block democratic efforts at international coöperation to rescue Jews and to salvage their goods. No more tragic situation ever faced any people than that now facing the Jews of Europe. If civilization is measured by tolerance, then Italy and Germany are ruled by savages. In our opinion there is no hope for the Jews in these countries or in countries under their influence, until these egomaniacs are overthrown by a combination of rebellion from within and pressure from without. Hitler and Mussolini are not representative of intelligent opinion in their respective countries; they have simply suppressed intelligent opinion. No doubt there is a majority of mass ignorance supporting them. But elsewhere and at other times intelligent minorities have outwitted tyrants and staged revolutions. And we do not believe that such minorities in Italy and Germany are less resourceful than their kind elsewhere.

REVISION OF FOREIGN POLICY

Despite the fact that American popular opinion is unquestionably favorable to China in her life-and-death struggle with Japan, America is making it possible for Japan to continue her march over that unhappy country. According to Senator James P. Pope of Idaho, the United States is furnishing Japan 60 per cent of her imports in oil, some 50 per cent of her imports in various kinds of iron, 91.2 per cent of her imports in automobiles and automobile parts, and 48.5 per cent of her imports in machinery. Thus the United States in effect sponsors Japan's war on China. Also public opinion in America favors the Government of Spain

in her struggle against rebellion and invasion; but American foreign policy acts to handicap the Government of Spain and to help the forces that ravage her. It is the plain duty of the next session of the Congress to make such revisions of our law as will insure that the resources of America shall not be closed to our natural allies and opened to the powers that are hostile to the values that are basically American.

LEADERSHIP VS. DICTATORSHIP

Lack of competent leadership is one of the vulnerable points of democratic society. We are not sufficiently discriminating in our choice of public leaders. We mistake bombastic utterances for seriousness of purpose. We allow demagogues to play on our prejudices and to blind us to real issues. We rally to the same old slogans and fall for the same old promises election after election. We trust our most precious heritage of liberty to persons who have no real understanding of what liberty has cost or what it means—men whose only qualification for leadership is the knowledge of how to get votes. We have yet to learn that leadership is a matter of first importance, and that social engineering is no less a technical matter than is mechanical engineering. Also democracy has yet to learn the difference between dictatorship and leadership. A dictator aims to "put something over"; a leader aims to guide. A dictator takes a particular conclusion for granted; a leader aims to explore possible conclusions. A dictator wants obedient followers; a leader wants intelligent associates. A dictator can be reasonably certain that his subjects will ignore his mistakes; a leader hopes that his associates will correct his mistakes. Nor is political manipulation a substitute for leadership. A person who does not possess dictatorial power, yet wants results irrespective of real unity of purpose, resorts to diplomatic tricks to gain a semblance of democratic agreement. But a real leader disdains such tactics, knowing full well that such procedure does not build persons or gain abiding results. A manipulator has the soul of a dictator without the power of a dictator. To be successful, democratic society must have leaders who possess insight into the real needs of the people, and skill in winning the support of the people in behalf of policies that actually meet their needs.

THE LIBERAL TEMPER

The liberal temper has had a terrifyingly difficult history. It has been attacked from the right and from the left by equally orthodox and dogmatic schools of thought. The recent status of liberalism has been such that only the stable and courageous few were able to stand up under the withering blasts of the opposition and maintain their belief in the permanent worth of the liberal temper. But the social awakening in America, constitutional changes in Russia, and movements of thought in Mexico and the Orient show some revival of the liberal temper. Liberalism as a philosophy of life began with the Renaissance which was a revolt against a theocentric world view, autocracies of all sorts, and the corruption of ecclesiasticism. Like the Renaissance, early liberalism centered attention on man, valued individual differences, stressed individual responsibility, emphasized the importance of personal conviction, and had great faith in progress. The inability of traditional liberalism to cope with basic social problems has been due largely to the fact that it depended too much on alleged social and economic laws, that it elevated competition to a dogma, and that it identified liberalism in thought with laissez-faire in politics and economics. We believe that liberalism as a philosophy of life is essentially sound, but that there is great need for a clarification of what that philosophy means in its larger aspects. The basic philosophy of the old liberalism held (1) that the nature of the world is understandable; (2) that men are capable of an increasing understanding of the world; and (3) that men are able increasingly to coöperate in the control and direction of the processes of nature and of society for the well-being of mankind. These convictions are basic, but they must be implemented by coöperation in terms of planned processes leading toward generally acceptable goals. The time was when the old liberty passed muster without much critical inquiry as to what it really meant concretely. But a more inquisitive generation is beginning to ask for a new liberty with a social content. We do not yet know fully what that content should be, although the rough outline is appearing. The new liberty must include a security which the old liberty by its very nature could not guarantee. The liberty to suffer bankruptcy and to starve is no liberty at all. The new liberty must include a health program, which the old liberty left largely to chance. The liberty to be cut down by disease is no liberty at all. The new liberty must include maximum educational opportunity. The liberty to be ignorant because one's parents are economically insufficient is no liberty at all. The new liberty must include the right to criticize as well as to defend any proposal. The liberty to think, speak, and write only within the limits of a given system is no liberty at all. The old battle to expand the margins of human liberty is moving into new territory and is enlisting new recruits for other and bigger epoch-making encounters in behalf of a larger liberty.

What Shall We Do with the Militarists?

LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD

Last February while fear of war with Japan was being systematically worked up, a semi-governmental, semi-secret conference was held somewhere in New York, where influential fellows from all the top walks of life met with government officials to plan war measures. One question discussed was: "What shall we do with the pacifists on Mobilization Day?" Rumor says the decision was quite in keeping with modern military improvements: to "liquidate" all of us—Leavenworth or the firing line.

Now that our monstrous armaments are authorized, the acute war scare is over—for the present, at least—and peace people had better take advantage of the lull to hold a Conference and decide "What shall we do with the militarists *before* Mobilization Day?" On Mobilization Day, if we let it dawn, we are helpless in their hands, with only martyrdom to choose. No fun in that! But steps are open to us now. What are they? And let us take them.

First, if we are to put off Mobilization Day, let us find out what the militarists are up to and expose them. Our unofficial intelligence service dating from 1914 can tell us pretty well what to expect. Add some trained reading between lines of the daily press to a slight power of observation and clear pictures can easily be drawn. We know, to begin with, that war is always a struggle for power between two nations or sets of nations and is never fought for the ideals announced beforehand. The military crowd must prepare the ground during peace time, stirring the people to hatred against their potential enemy,—or anyway stirring them to hatred of somebody, perhaps a minority of their own. For this purpose slogans must be tried out and incidents and atrocities played up.

If these are the only requirements, current signs are ominous. It looks as if we are outward bound again, and again for democracy. Funny how we love democracy—abroad—and if it is not in a small struggling country! We are going to be against the "aggressor" this time. Now, aggressor is a fine word full of righteous hate but it is long and a trifle highbrow for folks in the sticks. How about "Fascism?" It is harder but it is heard often enough on the eastern seaboard to give some of us the proper shivers. Even if we do not know exactly what it means, we can use it. A little mystery helps impress an audience and labor agitators love the word. Let the propagandists keep on with their anti-Fascism, if they must, but do take a vote and agree on the pronunciation. Fas-sism, Face-ism, Fash-ism, Fay-chism, even Fash-chism—pretty difficult that!—you hear them all. My favorite is a pronunciation heard in Texas: Fake-ism. It means everything.

Warmongers, paid or natural-born, will need more than excited eastern states to raise the fever to national pitch. To get all the states aroused they would do well to seek a better slogan than any Italian or German word. "Nazi" has the same disadvantages as "Fascist" and some extra ones, bringing up painful memories of the world war.

"Japs" is short and snappy and American. We know how they look and do not like it. Our West Coast, especially near the shipbuilding centers, gets angry whenever it thinks of Japan, hating the Japs on principle. In practice, they employ Japanese freely, of course, because they like good cheap labor. But we are not talking facts; we are considering fiction—just mulling over slogans and a few of the enemy's points for Mobilization Day.

Hypocrisy need not interfere at all with the propaganda of hate. The findings of the Nye Committee interested and amused the American public, and other peoples, too. But its report evidently made no lasting impression on our policy. We are now giving the contracts for the new warships, et cetera, to the same firms that held us up before—all nice respectable folks again and socially desirable. We only hope they do not fill the big foreign orders first, but hurry up with ours. Are we not selling scrap iron destined for Japan? Do not American firms of all kinds ship whatever the Japs can pay for? Of course they do, and we allow it, and it is perfectly legal. Scrap iron for Japan brings good prices, and we are pleased to get it out of our back yards. If there were another war to "defend democracy" Japan might have to be attacked. It looked like it last Spring. Then England changed Cabinets, and the slogan of democracy went temporarily sour.

The fact that Japan's military clique runs away from civilian control to perform mad hideous deeds in far-off China would mean to reasonable observers that Japan cannot attack the United States. The oriental campaign has already bankrupted both China and Japan, and we are now as safe as we can possibly be from the Japs. But we are never safe from internal military hysteria, and our clique seems to have picked Japan as the best all-round enemy to begin with. Their plans were made long ago to terrify us. Incidents can be created—spy scares are easily started—if seldom finished! Nobody tells us the last chapter of those exciting Japanese spy tales. Do we put the spies in jail or can we not catch any? One wonders whether the Japanese officers who only pretend to be fishermen are the same really expert fellows who take "our" salmon right out of the sea! By the way, has not the United States its own spies at work? Echo alone answers. No American journalist could afford to dig up the facts about American spies. No foreigner would be believed.

While we take our doses of anti-Japanese propaganda, how about preliminaries for Europe, where tension occurs so often that it may drag us in? The militarists do not neglect that direction by any means. As almost the same two sets of nations side up, the old familiar process recommences. We can expect our sources of information to soft-pedal all the discontent in Great Britain and France, and they do. Not a complaint of the polite British bombing in Northwest India, where caves are so convenient when natives need a refuge! Nor of the oppression and revolts in Indo-China, nor the plight of Africans under French and British rule. Forget unrest in Morocco and Syria and Palestine. If mention cannot be avoided, blame everything that goes wrong on Italian propaganda, or on Germany or Japan.

Play up little England and France as "great" democracies, and gloss over their far greater and quite undemocratic colonies. Convince many of the peace organizations that even the vast rearmament of England and France and Czechoslovakia and all the old

neutral nations is merely a peace measure. All on our side are peace-loving—all on the wrong side are war-loving. Always feature kindly in the society columns of American papers our titled British and French visitors. Broadcast and film with reverence the silly old ceremonies of Britain's Coronation—and now the Royal Visit to France—calling England a democracy all the time. We will swallow anything. The King and Queen in royal pageantry cement the friendship of the two great democracies. It was cemented the same way in time for the world war.

Our State Department and other government mouthpieces express approval of coöperative peace efforts, sometimes participate in them, when they are pro-Ally—or pro-League of Nations. But when disarmament is advocated, or new and universal world coöperation is the program, international pacifism gets no governmental backing.

We fool ourselves going and coming. We claim to have no entangling alliances at the very time when we are consulting certain nations daily and planning "parallel" action. We blame the League of Nations for not stopping war, and prepare to coöperate with them in military sanctions—the modern verbiage for war. We condemn the mad scramble for armaments amongst excitable Europeans, and draw the moral to join them in it. We order navies larger than admirals think we need.

We see no contradiction in boasting of our peace-loving democracy while we pour our grandchildren's money into weapons of war and train schoolboys to drill—girls, too! While we honor everything military, and spend enormous sums to bring dead soldiers home or decorate their graves abroad or give their mothers overseas excursions. Wherever the massacre was wholesale, we are still sending expensive commissions to use up our taxes dedicating monuments on the battlefields. Even the *Panay* indemnity must go to glorify our military dead in Japanese cemeteries,—a refinement of insult that might have been evolved in that secret New York War Council. And, whatever we say officially about peaceful intentions, we are *getting ready for war*. Patriotism equals war service; therefore, war itself comes to be the holy of holies in this world's actual religion, the bloody cult of nationalism.

Many strange things get done in the name of peace and security, but on authentic peace experimentation not a cent is spent. No commissions of good will or mediation when wars first start up abroad—nothing important entrusted to real internationalists. No lead taken to build up the necessary unified Government of the World. We must run no slightest risk of failure. Secret diplomacy forever. Consult all the governments privately before we dare to draw a breath. Oh, for a little reckless courage to try new non-military methods in international affairs! For fear of the humiliation of temporary little failures, we fail eternally.

While we leave foreign affairs in the hands of old-fashioned military-minded diplomats, can we expect any but the old results? They know how to maneuver—but they do not know how to coöperate honestly for world peace. Only internationally-minded human beings can be trusted to do that for us, and we are not democratic enough to let them do it.

There are many kinds of propaganda tricks known to diplomats. When the time is ripe, boycotts of the enemy nation can be popularly organized, under just the right auspices—prominent people, financial or professional or academic leaders, wives of government officials. Boycott of Italy when at war or of Germany on the rampage could be left to the Negroes, the Jews, or the left-wing reds. But, when heat was needed for the Big Navy drive, Japan was chosen for good stylish boycott—an unofficial mass-action, of course, but well-connected and quite divorced from any realistic attack on American firms supplying Japan with munitions and chemicals. The Japanese boycott flared up and ended with the Big Navy campaign.

Until the February drive there was no official pressure visible on Hitler. Dodd, Ambassador to Germany, spoke out bravely when he was released. The question is, why was he not released before the Big Navy loomed up? Hitler was just as hateful long before February.

Photographs of Japanese soldiers had to look happy or else brutal; photographs of Chinese looked dejected and suffering and noble. That ruined bridge over a Chinese river we were shown for so long in the movies was explained by the voice as the work of Japanese. It was actually destroyed by retreating Chinese. And why not, if it is war? Man's labor of years gone in a flash! But Japan *must* be anathema. Pictures of unhappy refugees, of course. We are used to them since the birth of photography. Dead babies. Screaming women. Everything to stir our jaded sense of horror—and stir it the right way! And the right way never seems to be the peace way, but only the way of wrath.

Clever military observers the war correspondents may be, but as guessers they are not obliged to make propaganda for the loss of their own jobs. They never want to foresee the end of any war. The policy of their papers is only too familiar, and the press with its belligerence can cause wars. Their motto is: Never let the public know there is any decent way out of a war situation. No campaign for mediation or arbitration. Conceal the almost universal longing for armistice and neutral intervention. Keep constantly stirring up anger plus the thought of punishment. Men love to punish, sure of justice in their hard hearts. Self-deception! The typically male reaction to all family and school offenses,—and for State and Empire problems, too. We want to punish the wrongdoer or, at any rate, his unfortunate subjects. Do not pause judicially over the causes of his errors or their removal. That would spoil the propaganda. Do not presume innocence until there has been a fair trial. Do not let the miscreant even state his case. Punish first. Incite to violence. There is no law to stop you. Spread sensational rumors, and sell more papers.

Do our statesmen do much better in international crises? Are they honest when they call international conferences, advertised as steps toward punishment, and feign surprise and anger when the accused nation prefers to stay away? Or when they keep American warships in the danger-zone, and demand safe conduct for Standard Oil into the interior of China? Statesmen by press and radio work up public fury against aggressors but not against American firms selling them the supplies to aggress with. It is harder than a crossword puzzle to find logic in official propaganda, but it is easy enough to follow its trend. Just read the speeches by our official and unofficial Washington spokesmen and know exactly what sentiments they want us to have.

Some day we shall learn that China long ago wanted peace at any price, and that Western influence prevented it. As long as we will not explore seriously all the peaceful methods of settling international

clashes, we shall have to endure war. And Western nations do not want the fighting done too near home. Better for hundreds and thousands of Chinese and Japanese to die than for "our interests" to suffer. And so "our" interests push "our" government about even when "we" ourselves cannot. Other nations have the same experience. Their people want peace to be made but their "interests" want war to go on. Note that those interests of "ours" and "theirs" have long ago joined hands across the borders and become truly international, unhindered by awkward notions of national allegiance,—armaments, oil, motors, steel, copper, and so forth. Perhaps the people's interests could be better promoted if we internationalized them too? Why not?

Socialists unblushingly advise us first to put our economic house in order in the United States before we try any coöperation with foreign nations; to set an example and urge other nations to follow it. Not till then need we attempt coöperation. If we only *could* put our national house in order first! How much simpler it would be! But there is no longer any chance to succeed against the big interests, nation by nation. Nowadays an international big interest has more power than a merely national government. In this age there cannot even be an economic revolution, one nation at a time. Economics has already grown international, requiring international machinery for the solution of its complicated problems.

And so our pacifist job of construction stares us in the face: Build a World Government now—out of the very elements of chaos. There is no other way to head off our stupid but dangerous militarists. There is not a great deal of time for the job either.

If funds can be had, either governmental or private, what is to prevent men and women of good will from taking the first step—collecting experts in law and peace, students of government and science, and shaping up a reasonable political Constitution for a civilized world? Popular pressure will follow and compel governments to ratify it. Future generations will develop it. But we, if we will, can be its founders.

After the world is organized scientifically for peace, what shall we do with the militarists? Let us preserve the best specimens before they are completely bred out of the human race, and put them in the museum along with the Mastodon and the Dodo.

London, England

The Doom of the Duce

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

My travels in Italy have been neither frequent nor prolonged. I have had no contacts in that country, as I have in certain other countries, which have enabled me to get below the surface and uncover the forces at work in a nation's life. My observations in Italy, I must readily agree, can only be described as superficial. Yet upon them—in part, at least—I have founded a conviction which is unshakable. It is more unshakable today than ever before, now that I have had a chance to catch one more glimpse of the land of Mazzini and Mussolini. This conviction is that the rule of Il Duce cannot last. Already it is doomed. What we see in the brilliant regime of contemporary Rome is not a star that shines, but a meteor that blazes, perhaps may explode with enormous detonation and destruction, but must go out forever in eternal darkness.

I.

Italy today, under the leadership of Benito Mussolini, is at the very height of its glory. We think no longer of Italy as we have known it in the past few generations, but rather of a reborn Roman Empire at this moment beginning to dispute the mastery of the world with the great British Empire. The field of contention between these empires is now the Mediterranean. Mussolini has declared this Sea, which Britain has controlled as her own waterway for some two hundred years, to be "Mare Nostrum," and has taken successive and successful steps to make the phrase good. The history of the last five years would seem to indicate the steady progress of Italy in ousting Britain from her former control of the Mediterranean. The building of the new Italian navy and airfleet, the conquest of Ethiopia, the entrance into Spain through espousal of General Franco's nationalist cause, the appropriation of the Balearic Islands, the interference in the Arab cause in Palestine—all these fragments of foreign policy seem to fit piece by piece together into a firm, compact design of defeating Great Britain in that part of the world so necessary to the maintenance of her far-flung imperial rule. And the defeat of Britain at the hands of Italy seems to have begun! Steadily, step by step, England has yielded to Mussolini's aggression, and thus left him in ever-growing control of the central waterway of the globe. At the moment Britain seems to be a waning, and Italy a waxing, political planet.

What is happening in the Mediterranean is bad enough in itself. What makes it worse is the inherent possibility of its being only the beginning of a vaster struggle for primacy between the old British and the new Roman Empire. For Mussolini, however successful in the Mediterranean, is not going to be satisfied with that conquest. His dream is of the world. He wears the crown of Caesar. What Rome was yesterday he proposes that Rome shall be today—the ruler of the race, the mistress of mankind. England now apparently faces, in other words, what she faced a century and a half ago—a new world-conqueror to dispute her mighty sway. Not since the days of Napoleon I has the British Empire confronted such opposition as now stands upon her threshold. The struggle is on—and, as in that earlier and titanic struggle of the first years of the nineteenth century, seems to be going steadily against the power and prestige of Britain. England today is beaten—just as she was beaten in 1805, 1807, and 1809.

There are those who believe that this time England is permanently beaten. It is argued that at

last she has met her match. A great military power, strategically located and superbly led—so the argument runs!—has suddenly arisen to dispute her sway at a time when she is weak in armed resources, and indecisive in diplomatic policy. While Chamberlain is fumbling and faltering, Mussolini is driving his campaign with matchless skill and ruthless rigor. England is as effete as Carthage, when Carthage fell prostrate before the fresh, new might of Rome in the classic days of Scipio. Which sounds well, but to my mind means little! England, as a matter of fact, is no more effete than she was after the battle of Austerlitz, and Mussolini's Italy is no more a permanent power in the world today than was the great Napoleon himself in the days of his brightest glory. There is a doom written upon Mussolini, as I believe there was a doom written upon Napoleon—and one only has to travel in Italy to see it!

II.

The first thing that attracts and holds attention in Italy is the poverty of the country. The soil is poor, the natural resources are meagre, the standard of living is low. To cross the Italian border from either France or Switzerland is to be shocked by the general shabbiness of everything one sees. The villages are dirty and dilapidated, the people are meanly dressed, the harvests look scant, and the fields impoverished. Comparison with England in such matters is inevitable.

This summer, for example, I traveled by automobile through certain portions of Devonshire and through similar portions of Lombardy. In the latter country, there are some remarkable evidences of what Mussolini has accomplished during the last decade and a half—fine new roads, a great canal and its interlaced tributaries watering a vast stretch of parched and infertile countryside, modern factories, power-plants, and homes for the people. In Devonshire, on the other hand, there seemed to be many evidences of a rather sluggish content with traditional ways and means. But the impression left by both places was definite and indelible—that there was a richness in "England's green and pleasant land" which was altogether unmatched by anything that could be seen in Italy.

In the same way, I visited this summer the cities of London and Milan. I have seen other cities both of England and of Italy, and always the comparison is the same. It was especially vivid in this case of London and Milan, for both cities are ancient and historic, and neither can claim great beauty. In the one case, England, one feels a sense of power; London grows on one in majesty and might. In the other case, Italy, one feels a sense of weakness; Milan impresses one with the idea of disintegration and decay. It is related that when Marshal Bleucher saw London, he exclaimed, "What a city to loot!" A modern Bluecher might say that still of London, but never of Milan, nor even Rome.

A second thing about Italy is its backwardness. Mussolini, I will agree, has done some wonders in opening up the ways of progress for his countrymen. There are no better roads anywhere in Europe, unless it be in Germany. Electric plants dot the countryside, and immense distribution lines cross mountains and valleys. The railroads have everywhere been modernized and extended. To see the military airplanes fly overhead, as I did, is to wonder if there are any machines in the world to compare with them. The new factories of Italy, I have been told, are unsurpassed anywhere. I saw some modern housing that America might envy. But, in spite of all these amazing developments, the country remains primitive. The people are untouched in their thoughts, their ways, even their equipment of life. Farmers toiling in the fields with tools of a pattern as old as man himself, little donkeys sluggishly moving along the winding roads, pitifully scrawny horses bound to pitifully squeaking carts, frequent yokes of oxen pulling their vehicles within the outskirts of Milan at the slowest pace known in any age, men and even women bent double under huge burdens of faggots or forage, housewives drawing water at the village spring for lack of any water in their homes—these are little things, but they bulk large when set against the landscape of England, which is as old as history, and in most places as new as the latest device of the machine age. "Primitive" is the first word to spring to one's lips in Italy, as it would be among the last in England.

A third fact in Italy is the people themselves. Here I would not be unfair. Especially would I not be guilty of passing any sweeping indictment upon a great population of millions of men and women. Italians are much like other peoples in their faults and failings, and, like other peoples also, have a unique charm and genius of their own. Their sense of beauty is infallible, their grace of manners exquisite. The Italian peasant has a simplicity matched only by his courtesy. In country and city alike is constantly the sound of music, and always a joy of life which is quiet rather than noisy, innately refined and delicate, and yet exuberant. The Italian has a spontaneity which the Englishman almost wholly lacks. One can as little imagine a dour Yorkshireman in Lombardy as a Milanese in Devon. Yet, yet—how shall I state my doubts and reservations in the matter of these Italians? Perhaps an illustration or two will serve!

The one thing I liked best in Milan this summer was the traffic police. These were splendid fellows—all of them young, neatly clad in white duck uniforms and helmets, splendidly disciplined, courteous, patient, and helpful in answer to inquiries, and invariably with laughing lips and twinkling eyes which were irresistible. If these young men are the product of Fascism, then Fascism is not wholly bad! Yet what shall we say of these police as matched against the London "bobbies"—incomparably the greatest police upon this planet. The "bobby" does not smile as he talks; he certainly does not laugh and wink at the ladies; he has no suggestion of dancing gaiety as he directs the traffic or the lost American pedestrian. The "bobby" is all dignity and solid worth, stability as of the everlasting hills, integrity that would do no wrong, courage that would yield no inch. He seems to be rooted like a tree, or fixed as a rock. He is not a man, attractive or otherwise, but an institution. And institutions last, while men die!

Another example! It was on a Saturday that I was in Milan—a half-holiday and market day combined. In certain streets and squares of the city there were literally thousands of men massed as for some public meeting. Closer examination showed these thousands knotted in innumerable groups of five, or six, or a dozen. Talking was incessant and loud. So closely were the groups gathered to one another that traffic was all but impossible. I saw one fist fight, promptly suppressed, but on the whole everything was orderly, and no police in sight. I was told that most of these men were peasants, come in from the countryside for their market day, and here they were meeting with customers and friends for the transaction of weekly business. I watched these hundreds of massed individuals, and passed among them. I began comparing them with English crowds that I had seen in Hyde Park, or Trafalgar Square, or the Covent Garden district, and with American crowds in many places. How different these Italians were—shall I say frankly, how inferior! There was no such quality here for the building of a state, or of an empire. More vivacity perhaps, but less vitality; more exuberance, but less stability; more grace, but less character. I can best express what I was feeling, rightly or wrongly, by confessing that I was uneasy in this Milanese crowd—I felt that at any moment, for any little cause, it might explode into panic and disaster. With English or American crowds, *per contra,* I have felt no more alarm than amid the waves of the sea. This sea might be lashed and tossed by some great storm, but always there would be the eternal deeps of strength and peace.

III.

It is impressions of this kind which convince me that in Mussolini's Italy there is no abiding strength, and therefore no serious threat to Britain. In any struggle to the death between the two, I can imagine Mussolini striking quick and hard, and perhaps doing awful damage to his enemy. He might even for a time gain such mastery as Napoleon Bonaparte gained in the first decade of the last century. But in the case of Mussolini, as of Bonaparte, the mastery would not endure. In no prolonged struggle for supremacy could Il Duce hold out. His country has at bottom no resources to enable him to meet and exhaust the vast resources of the British Empire. The primitive habits and devices of his people would prove in the end to be as bow and arrows set against machine guns when matched against the stupendous equipment of one of the most modern countries in the world. As for the people themselves, what evidence is there that, in the field which Mussolini has deliberately chosen to be his own—that of the aggression and power of empire—Italians set against English citizens and British colonials can achieve the victory? Had Mussolini chosen other fields of competition—art, music, beauty—he might well have carried off the palm. But he has chosen as Napoleon chose before him, and all the logic of history gives prophecy of the inevitable end.

But it is not with England, nor with Britain, that I am at this time primarily concerned. I am thinking of Mussolini and Italy, and of their relation to the future of mankind. If Britain has intruded upon my discussion, it is because this relation has first made contact with British power in the Mediterranean. My question is—what of Il Duce? And my answer is that he is doomed. This man has attempted what cannot be done—to build a reproduction of the ancient Roman Empire out of the material of modern Italy. This material is inadequate to the task. It can offer neither foundation nor edifice of the imperial structure which possesses, as a mingled dream and ambition, the Italian dictator's mind. For more than a decade and a half Mussolini has blustered and blown. He has expended the capital of his nation with a lavish prodigality which has produced temporarily dazzling results. He has mastered the art of war, and, at enormous cost, built armaments on land and sea to fright the world. He has obsessed his people with his own obsessions, and driven them to frenzies of exertion which give an initial impression of vast releases of vitality. But all this is like fireworks which produce a stupendous display of light, but have no relation with the energy which moves the wheels of life. What Mussolini is doing cannot last. It cannot last because it cannot be sustained. Sooner or later there must come collapse, and the doom of one more Caesar who would possess the world.

IV.

It is in this fact, if it be a fact, that we find our answer to the question as to what should be our attitude toward Mussolini these days? What the policy of our democratic nations? There are those who argue, with an almost desperate sincerity, that we should fight and destroy Mussolini before he grows too strong to be defeated. I respect this opinion, but do not sympathize with it. My own conviction is that we should *not* fight Mussolini while he grows too weak to be victorious. Fighting in this case is not necessary—if, indeed, it is ever necessary. All we have to do in this troubled world is to bide our time. As we have learned to give men rope enough to hang themselves, so should we learn to give dictators time enough to destroy themselves. Fascist Italy, at a distance, looks like a terrific bomb, fit to annihilate mankind. Seen close at hand, however, the bomb becomes a balloon. It will blow up in due course.

Lugano, Switzerland.

Time's Pantheon

JESUS, god of our west,
Death claims thee at last!
Brilliant thy reign,
Slow thy demise.
Ruler of earth, son of the sky,
Time deals hard with thy clan!
Join thy proud peers
In time's pantheon—
All saviors of man
Who helped man to rise.

HOMER LEWIS SHEFFER.

Semantics and Referent

MAY STRANATHAN

Two brand-new words, like knights in shining armor, stand forth to battle in a war against useless and meaningless words. These words to end words, called by their creators, *semantics* and *referent,* are making their way into the magazines and we may soon see them exploited by newspapers and radio until they become household words, like Mickey Mouse and Charlie McCarthy.

Coming upon these warrior words for the first time, as I did in Stuart Chase's book, *The Tyranny of Words,* one feels as Alice must have felt when first she saw the inhabitants of her Wonderland or first looked through her looking glass. They remind me of the young reporter who wrote to his paper that one of the speakers at an educational convention "spoke in words newly coined and highly appropriate to the occasion."

Heaven alone—but Mr. Chase can find no referent for heaven—knows how many overworked words need to be put out of their misery by these specialists in word euthanasia, Semantics and Referent. For so prolific have the coiners of words become that we are now expected to learn innumerable terms patented by scientists, theologians, economists, book reviewers, philosophers, artists, sports writers, play writers and their critics, members of chambers of commerce, fashion writers, and food experts. Most of the ideas of these word tinkerers are old, but it is hard to recognize them all dolled up in new words.

As I understand it, the creators of this Castor and Pollux combination expect semantics to measure every word used or abused, using referent as the measuring stick. Every word that does not measure up or down to the requirement of semantics is to be discarded, often with gibes and ridicule.

Of course, it is no new discovery that most of us speak without much meaning; and when we do happen to mean anything, more often than not we do not know what this meaning is. It seems high time that our attention should be called to this matter before the whole world sinks into mere gibberish of "words, words, words." So great has this confusion of tongues become that we find ourselves talking in circles, "evermore coming out the same door wherein we went," as Omar Khayyam puts it—like the little girl Mr. Chase tells of, who said, "Pigs are rightly named pigs, because they are such dirty animals."

The author of *The Tyranny of Words* reminds us that not a single word has any meaning in itself, but means just what men have made it mean, and that it should not be identified with the thing it refers to, for they are not the same. Identifying the word with the object, common with primitive people, gave often a magic meaning to the word. This word sorcery was carried over by the Greeks into poetry and drama, and was known as the doctrine of the Logos. As an echo of this practice, Mr. Chase cites the beginning of the Gospel of St. John, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Some person, I forget who, has said that the invention of language was the greatest upward step of man. But there can be too much of a good thing, and after reading *The Tyranny of Words* we are convinced that we have overworked our talking powers. In our stepping heavenward, we have emulated those foolish persons who built the Tower of Babel only to have it tumble over on them. Was it not Sidney Smith who said, after listening to a deluge of talk by Thomas Babington Macaulay, that he should take a dose of the waters of Lethe every morning to correct his retentive powers? Dr. Hornaday, former head of the New York Zoölogical Gardens, used to recommend silence, as the Quakers do, to promote a tranquil mind and a long life. He said that through listening to the idle words of men, speechless animals have learned to chatter instead of communicating with each other in their own way, and only when necessary; through the example of boasting men, the cock has learned to strut and crow; hens learned to cackle by hearing the gabble of women over the back fence. "No wild fowl do so," says Dr. Hornaday, "it is only man and the monkey who keep up a foolish and ceaseless noise."

Instead of being proud of a large vocabulary we ought to be ashamed of it; especially when we have read the "blab,"—Mr. Chase's word for meaningless oratory—which he quotes from the writings and speeches of financiers, economists, diplomats, lawyers, reformers, patriots, preachers, and even members of the Supreme Court, to say nothing of those irresponsible promisers, the office seekers. We think of Emerson's reference to "the rueful abortions that squeak and gibber in the street." The inevitable question arises, Have we not talked ourselves into the horrific plight in which the world now finds itself? Mr. Chase tells of a senator, who, when Harding was running for president, told a reporter that the slogan of the campaign was to be Americanism. When asked what was meant by this slogan, the senator said he did not know, but that it was a d— good word with which to win an election.

Mr. Chase's book makes us doubt the theory that a universal language would help to do away with wars, for the writer reminds us that we might go along the streets of New York cursing in a foreign tongue and no one would molest us; but if we should swear in words that the passersby can understand we might get arrested. The more we think we understand the language of others, or the more we put our own interpretation on it, the more does confusion seem confounded. Speechless animals, for lack of words of propaganda or command, cannot organize into armies to destroy their fellow-beings by wholesale. Do you remember the preacher—his name was Bouck White—who used to get himself arrested by talking on the streets of New York City against a pseudo-patriotism? He was talking against the same thing for which Hitler and Mussolini are condemned by us today, but his remarks were misunderstood. You can overdo anything, talk a good thing to death. We used to be so sentimental over mother love that a reaction set in, and now it is the fashion to regard it as a near curse to the world. The same thing is true of charity.

Several writers whose works bear on the new science of semantics are quoted by Mr. Chase, especially Count Alfred Korzybski, C. K. Ogden, I. A. Richards, Launcelot Hogben, E. T. Bell, B. Malinowski, F. C. S. Schiller, and Bertrand Russell. The book is full of funny quirks, such as Democracy being cross-

eyed from trying to watch Communism and Fascism both at the same time, that gold is the vermiform appendix of the economic organization, that it requires a surgeon to separate the victim investor from the dragon speculator. The author calls an hypothesis a hunch, and asks what, where, and when are the referents for dole, value, inflation, and all the other "flations." He quotes one writer as listing seven kinds of inflation, and he notes even more kinds of dole. He can find no referent for mankind, only for many men. For him there is no such thing as mankind in general, only millions of men. Here he revives the ancient quarrel between the nominalist and the realist, he who holds with Plato that men may come and men may go, but mankind goes on forever, and he who holds with Aristotle that mankind is but an abstraction in the mind of the philosopher. He ridicules the "soul box" theory, which he finds in the "real existence" of Plato and the "absolute" of the medieval scholars.

Mr. Chase confesses he has never been able to read the philosophers with any understanding. He is easily convinced by semantics that he is not at fault in this, but that their writings are chiefly "blab." I think, though, he really would have liked Socrates, for he was always asking the whence, why, and wherefore, just as our modern author does, and was apt to take his illustrations—or referents—from the common objects we see every day, such as "cocks and quails, soup pans and sycamore spoons, grooms and farriers," as the author of *The Tyranny of Words* refers to his cat, Hobie. But doubtless he would regard "the divine sign, the prophetic or supernatural voice," that warned Socrates of unfit conduct, as an abstraction for which no referent can be found. This cat, his owner says, comes near to being the hero of his book. Hobie is a realist and will never suffer from nervous breakdown, having no traffic with philosophy or formal logic. Hobie would never think of using a reference without a referent, thus leaving meaning in mid-air. Mr. Chase as well as Hobie seems to live by sight but has no use for insight.

For "the omnipotent," and "the eternal," Mr. Chase can find no referents of any kind, and says: "An ardent impulse leads us to fill any vacuum with either 'truth' as revealed by 'authority,' or by 'the use of reasoning above and beyond the facts." As an example of such reasoning he quotes this from Bergson: "What we have to do is to make a big act of perception; to embrace as wide a field as possible of past and present as a single fact directly known, by transferring it from mere matter into a creative process of duration." He comments on this—"Bergson begins with perceptions and then yanks in the facts. This gives a superior brand of truth." He can find no referent for truth as a reality in the abstract, and doubtless would poke fun at Emerson's statement about the persons he met, that they were not real as truth is real. Mr. Chase can understand when we tell the truth about where we were yesterday or what we did today.

But in several of his statements we see a likeness to Emerson, as when he says, "Our remote ancestors, when language was in its infancy, gave words to sensations, feelings, emotions. Like small children they identified their feelings with the outside world and personified outside events. They made sensations and judgments—'heat,' 'cold,' 'bad,' 'good'—substantives in the language structure. Though not objects, they were treated as objects. The world picture was made anthropomorphic." Compare this was Emerson's terse words, "The world is thoroughly anthropomorphized, as if it had passed through the body and mind of man and taken his mould and form." The difference is that Emerson is a poet even when he writes prose, while Mr. Chase is not.

Mr. Chase admits that he himself often speaks without proper referents, finding it hard to break away from the habits of other days before the semantic enlightenment. Read this statement: "Perhaps the greatest contribution of a science of semantics would be to turn false meaning into meaning, to hear nothing but 'blab, blab' when the higher abstractions are rolling back and forth. This negative reaction would do more to improve communication than positive action. One's mind would shut out bad language as the turn of the radio dial shuts off the third-rate crooner, leaving a clear and lovely silence." Many years ago Emerson expressed the same thought thus: "Come now, let us sit with our hands on our mouths and be dumb, a long, austere, Pythagorean lustrum."

In his pose as a realist, Mr. Chase objects to the use of the word, "sublime" in describing "the omnipotent." This to him is but another "blab," the word coming from the Latin meaning "up to the lintel," and all that even the dictionary can say of it being that it partakes of sublimity. Again we are reminded of Emerson when he says that "spirit" originally meant wind. To turn realist with Mr. Chase, how many windy theologians have used that word to expound their many winds of doctrine! Because the word "inspiration" is dear to the theologian, it has come to mean almost exclusively the work of the Good Spirit. But there are ill winds that seem to blow nobody any good, as the hurricane and the cloudburst on land or sea. The evil spirits seem to prevail in this time of hatred, jealousy, envy, wars, tortures, kidnappings, banditry, unspeakable crimes, and general cussedness. No light seems to have been shed on the problem of evil so far by semantics or any other science. Of such scientists as Eddington, Jeans, Millikan, and even H. G. Wells, whom he seems to consider a scientist, the author of *The Tyranny of Words* says, "They keep running off the reservation trying to find a Great Hand to clasp."

Our author quotes Einstein as uniting space, time, and matter into one organic concept, and asks, "If iron can slip from the category of substance into electric energy, how much more easily can such abstractions as 'free speech,' 'justice,' 'democracy,' 'capitalism' melt and disappear?" He does not give us a referent for substance, but apparently does not use the word as do the Trinitarians when they declare the Godhead to be one in substance but three in person. He does say that no one knows the ultimate meaning of matter, though to do so "would make some persons feel better, just as the feeling of God makes them feel good." He terms "gibberish" such statements as "Science has banished materialism, and spiritualism has returned to the hearts of men," or "Everything is electricity—electricity is unknown—therefore, everything is unknown." Might he not consider seriously the statement of Emerson that "Every day, every act betrays the ill-concealed deity. We permit all things to ourselves, and that which we call sin in others is experiment for us"?

It does seem strange, and a little ridiculous, to find God, and also free will, in the perpetual dance of

countless protons and electrons, negative and positive units of electricity, which seem to jump around of their own volition. Is this to take the place of the Supreme First Cause of the theologians? It seems a far way—whether backward or forward—from the God of our fathers who walked in His garden in the cool of the day and talked there to men, who answered him as man to man, and were even known to reprove and reproach him when they thought he needed it. No doubt geometry is an absorbing subject to such as can understand it, but it does not appeal to me to think of a God so absorbed in working out his Great Design as to forget his children so in need of moral training. I am told by a lover of the game of bridge that it is a great mental discipline, but that is no reason why a woman should be so absorbed in it that her children run the streets dirty and neglected.

Mr. Chase quotes Leonard Wolfe as saying that it takes no little courage to stand up in the face of the universe and say, "I do not know." It seems to me to require even more courage—though this does not seem exactly the word for it—to say "I do know."

The Study Table

John Wesley Psychoanalyzed

SON TO SUSANNAH, THE PRIVATE LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY. *By G. Elsie Harrison. 372 pp. Nashville, Tenn.: The Cokesbury Press.* $2.50.

Two hundred years ago last May 24th, Rev. John Wesley, M.A., a Fellow of Oxford, attended a prayer meeting in Aldersgate Street, off the Strand in London, and, according to an entry in his Journal, "about a quarter before nine I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust Christ, Christ alone, for salvation and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins and saved me from the law of sin and death."

This is one of the famous religious experiences of history, and, like most of them, had for a consequence a great religious movement. Because of the intensity of the inner conflicts of Wesley at this time, which were the logical result of his mother's totally mistaken training, the emotion of the integrating experience was very intense, and generated in Wesley a power of expansion which started Methodist revivalism. Since Charles Wesley and George Whitefield were, according to the views of modern pedagogy, similarly mistrained, they likewise reacted somewhat hysterically, and became great factors in the emotional tidal wave which Mrs. Harrison calls "England's recall to religion," and whose doctrinal motif was not only salvation of sins through Christ, but an erotically phrased representation of this boon which has been characteristic of the Methodist movement ever since. This book is sure to make it still more so.

The bicentenary has provided an excuse for several new biographical studies of John Wesley (that by the Jesuit Father Piette, a general work by Umphrey Lee, etc.,) and now comes this amazing work. Amazing because never, perhaps, in the world's record of memorial "tributes" has such a queer-smelling bouquet been laid upon a grave! If ever a denomination had reason for censuring, if not expelling a member, *voila* Wesleyanism, this book, and its author! If ever a denomination had just cause to buy all copies of a book —after the fashion of Christian Science—and store or burn them, it is disclosed by the reading of this book! The Roman Catholic Piette has produced a far more symmetrical interpretation of Wesley and Wesleyanism than this Freudian diagnosis, which is worthy of George Moore in his more reticent mood, or D. H. Lawrence in his more academic style. Never, we surmise, will Samuel Wesley, *père,* John Wesley, *fils,* or Charles Wesley, *frère,* resume their pedestals after this blow. We feel decidedly dubious about the name "Epworth" for the League of Methodist young people's societies, and the personal connotations of the authorship of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" seem to deprive that already very sentimental hymn of whatever inspirational value it may have had for us.

Mrs. Harrison, who is the daughter of an eminent British Wesleyan historian and the wife of another, secured access to some hitherto reserved *mss.* concerning the personal affairs of John Wesley, his brother Charles, and Grace Murray, the third woman whom John Wesley almost married. Mrs. Harrison then consulted certain teachers of psychology in Wesleyan Westminster College, London, as to the mysteries of dream interpretation. Then some "unknown friend" (!?) requested her to write "more of the story of John Wesley and Grace Murray." Mrs. Harrison, who is of the opinion that Britain, in fact the whole English-speaking world, needed a "recall to religion," and who presumes to see a close analogy between the irreligion and immorality of the eighteenth century and that of the twentieth, grieved to note that no great religious leader seemed to her to be in sight. She resolved, therefore, to try to conjure up such a leader, or encourage a fledgling. On the principle that "in the mud and scum of things, there always, always something sings" she decided to write a book, apparently for the perusal of any promising singer, "to show the tides of emotion, the bleak experiences, the legacy of sisters and cousins and aunts that went to the making of the instrument of salvation." (Page 12.) Then, we surmise, Mrs. Harrison consulted the Oxford Group Sybil of Perfect Candor and proceeded to psychoanalyze John Wesley, his mother Susannah, Grace Murray—in fact, almost everybody in the records. Since all had been "saved" before she or he commits incredible follies, one wonders what good a "recall" to such religion would do to the world.

Commencing with the state of affairs at Epworth Rectory, where John Wesley was born, she draws father Samuel as a thoroughly contemptible household tyrant, extraordinarily irascible, conceited, jealous, selfish, cruel, stingy, and lustful, a theological poet ("as he lived, so he died in the true catholic faith of the Holy Trinity" runs his epitaph). In twenty years of life with Susannah, a woman of quite outrageous patience and meekness, he forced nineteen children upon her, yet lamented them as "acts of God." John was born after Samuel had returned to his wife whom he had virtually deserted for her Jacobite stubborness, in refusing to say "Amen" after his prayer for the new King William II. "Two kings, two beds," he roared, and left for London. John was also named Benjamin as an oblique hint to the Giver of all good gifts that

twelve were enough. When the rector, more concerned with saving his books from his burning home, left the rescue of John to Susannah, she made pious vows of gratitude: "I do intend to be more especially careful of the soul of this child." She referred to him ever thereafter as "the brand plucked from the burning" and constantly reminded him that the flames he had escaped were a metaphor of hell, hence a caution of restraint in any temptation; and since marriage had apparently lowered her own standards, marriage was deemed inimical to the Lord's work. So, whenever in mature life, John Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed" whether by love of woman or love of Christ, he thought of the flames. This moved him to shrink from the one and cleave to the other! "I find, Miss Sophy, that I can't take fire into my bosom and not be burnt. I am therefore retiring for a while to desire the direction of God. Join with me, my friend, in fervent prayer that He would show me what is best to be done."

Consequently he jilted Miss Sophy in Savannah just as he had dropped another young lady in England, and he was destined to act in an equally self-centered way toward a woman he had publicly sworn devotion to—Grace Murray. Mrs. Harrison, with consummate literary skill, has made the most of the whole Savannah affair, ironical and pitiful and astounding. Who can ever forget her picture of John Wesley fleeing through the swamps to the seashore, to take ship to England before the indignant citizens of Savannah could carry out their threat to tar and feather him? For at the altar rail he had, by implication, defamed the very girl he had lost through his own abnormal hesitations and retreats! His stumbling through the forest mazes reminds one of the terrible end of the Emperor Jones; each had indeed lost an empire; but Wesley had no silver bullet! To such lengths of heartless, unmanly behavior did Mother Susannah's pious training lead her son! Yet we are asked by Mrs. Harrison to believe that this was God's marvellous way of shaping the instrument of the salvation of millions: "It was necessary that the one who was to be the pioneer in the discovery of the love of God should pass just this way of defeated human love."

Had Wesley's "heart-warming" experience in Aldersgate chapel, which occurred after he had returned to England, managed to boil the mildew out of the maple syrup of his affectional nature, all might be forgiven the now regenerate sinner. But it did not, as our author proceeds, with epicurean irony to indicate in ten chapters full of sanctimonious suggestiveness. Wesley treated Grace Murray (whose life had been tragic enough already) with the same selfish affection —that is, he was constantly in her company, so that occasion was given for ugly rumors and open scandal; he and she "swore an oath of allegiance to one another in the presence of some witnesses, so he fondly believed they would still be man and wife even if shipwrecked in mid-ocean." (Page 261.) And he "had told her that should God also give them children, they must all be brought up at the Kingswood School, for so there should be no hindrance caused to the glorious work of the campaign for the salvation of England." (Page 265.) Why did not the two regularly marry? Because John Wesley thought first of the salvation of the people of England? Not at all—nor "was it that he had declared that he would never marry because he despaired of finding such another woman as his mother." (Page 269.) The true reason was that John Wesley, through his heredity, his innate and inbred introversion, was incorrigibly self-centered; the salvation gospel he preached so successfully made him yet more so, and his success as a preacher put the silk hat on his egotism: "He could never just make up his mind to belong to anyone except to himself and to God." (Page 275.)

This seems to stand in the purest tradition of Christian piety. Doubtless; but too often this firm persuasion of the love of God for oneself has outwardly operated as the most callous pride and conceit, cruel and perfidious and inconsiderate. It is entirely possible that the Methodist movement in England "saved" England *for* that brazen and ruthless individualism of the middle and lower classes which made her industrial revolution so inhuman in the next century.

Recurring to John Wesley's private life, he did marry, at last! Everything and everybody, especially his own twisted mentality and the meanness and treachery of brother Charles, contrived to counteract the pitiful pleas of Grace Murray, who finally wed another preacher, John Bennett, not because she loved him but to save him from insanity and to clear Wesley of the peril of scandal through his spiritual friendship with her. But Molly Vezaille, a middle-aged, widowed vixen, who virtually proposed to him, abetted Grace Murray in "saving" Wesley for God's work by rifling his papers, pulling out his hair, abusing and deserting and slandering him. Wesley found refuge from this hell of domestic infelicity in the labors of his itinerancy, thus firmly establishing and guiding the "Methodist Connection" of chapel, classes, and preachers. So, though Susannah's body lies a'mouldering in the grave, her unhappy marriage and the abnormal influence thereof upon Christianity go marching on!

It is doubtless true that, by the decrees of an almighty but unscrupulous Providence, "ever upon old decay the greenest mosses cling." Mrs. Harrison calls all this human agony "the hammer of God's love," and there is no doubt that some good may flow from gross errors and great suffering; but wrong and error and calamity may also flow therefrom! Her arguments and her methods are equally paradoxical. She combines a measure of modern psycho-pathology with a medieval theodicy and asks us to believe that what is obviously error in the one field is patently right and fruitfully good in the other. She uses brilliant literary skill to portray John Wesley as pitifully abnormal in his attitude and actions toward the women he inhibitedly loved; he appears to the reader as absurd, foolish, self-centred, unmanly, inconsiderate—and yet the conclusion drawn by the author is that he was a shining instance of redemption from terrible mental conflict through the love of Christ, and a phenomenal instrument of God's goodness and righteousness, who liberated England from the horrors of the Age of Reason and by swerving the mind of the populace to otherworldly salvation, averted the danger of their going astray after the mundane program of the French Revolution. She plies her vivid imagination upon the data of Wesley's private life to construct a plausible (but not infallible) interpretation of his character—yet by such uncomfortable realism goes far to destroy our admiration and respect for the genesis and the genius of early Methodism! The book is published as a bicentenary tribute, yet the only admirable persons in the book are the non-Methodists: the Deistic Anglican,

Oglethorpe, the Dissenter "Uncle Matthew," John's tragically frustrated sisters, Emily and Hetty, his deserted Achates, Charles de la Motte, wholesome and manly Captain Murray. For Mother Susannah one feels only sympathy for her ill-fated, impulsive marriage, on behalf of the dogma of the Trinity, to the most selfish and childish of clerics; but her story would never inspire any woman to promote the hoped-for "recall to religion" by training a son as she trained John. Most sensible women who read the book will be impelled (1) to join the League for Women Voters and maintain women's rights; (2) to send a large subscription to the League for Voluntary Parenthood.

No one can read this book without reaching the conclusion that Mrs. Harrison, besides being tinged with Freudianism and possibly Buchmanism, has also consorted with Barthianism. With amazing thoroughness she has dissociated early Methodism from any moral and ethical applications. Nowhere does she present John Wesley as the social reformer he really was; "redeeming Love" seems to be offered and accepted by everybody in the book with no given conditions of duty for morally improving the individual or society! The spiritual voluptuousness of the early Methodist hymns with which Mrs. Harrison has bespangled the book is strikingly free from any promises or testimonies of moral change. This may be Barthian "Christianity" but it is not Jesus' Christianity—if that matters.

Such a portrayal of Wesley and the Movement is untrue and unjust, for its moral influence was profound. Far greater, by the way, than its political influence, although Mrs. Harrison has repeated the old fallacious boast that Wesleyanism saved England from the horrors of another French Revolution. To serve her taste and style of almost neurotic emotional tension, she has stressed the fact that in the white heat of the extremely individualistic experience of conversion the niceties of social righteousness are forgotten—for the time being at least. Grace Murray's conversion experience, for instance, which could so unjustly and cruelly condemn and destroy Captain Murray's love and happiness, cannot possibly be justified as a good in any form. It would have been far better for everyone had Grace Murray consulted the rationalist Dissenter physician, "Uncle Matthew," as to why her babies died, rather than John Wesley, who confirmed all her superstitions. We may say with certainty that any conversion experience which bids its subject act cruelly and disloyally toward normal social relations and responsibilities is in absolute contradiction to true religion—which is always humane and reasonable. Such an experience is simply the last extreme spasm of individualism, of self-pity, of an egocentricity verging on dementia praecox.

Is this the language of the Age of Reason? Verily! And how Mrs. Harrison dislikes the Age of Reason! She forgets that, by her own admissions, Susannah brought up her son John to reason about everything, and that it was this trait chiefly which kept him from yielding to his amorous impulses in his love affairs. How, then, could the Methodist movement have got started but for reason? Our author's treatment of the Age of Reason is dictated by the same motives as those which prompted her distorted, erotic portrait of John Wesley; the distortion and misrepresentation were necessary for her purpose—the production of a brilliant and lucrative best seller. Hence her subtly disloyal picture of early Methodism and its leaders; her almost indecent disrespect for the sacred secrets of John Wesley's and Grace Murray's private lives. Neither Truth nor Science required such a work of ecclesiological jazz.

CHARLES LYTTLE.

A Review of the Church

THE CHURCH THROUGH THE CENTURIES. *By Cyril Charles Richardson. 225 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.50.

The brilliant young Church Historian of Union Theological Seminary has written a much-needed book: a review of the church through the centuries. The book is needed first to clarify the meaning of the word *church* which has come to mean many things. What did *church* mean to the editor of the Gospel of Matthew, to the Church Fathers, to Luther, to Calvin, to the Council of Trent? What does the word mean to the Salvation Army, to the Oxford Group, to Unitarians, and to Presbyterians? Dr. Richardson has, almost by a stroke of genius, illustrated the various meanings attached to the word, by examples of Christian life and worship. This book is needed in the second place to challenge present-day religious leaders. The church is a religious community. As such, in the past, it has made mistakes, and then corrected them. Shall present-day Christians profit by these previous experiences? What ought the church to mean to this generation? These two needs Dr. Richardson has met in a highly readable manner. The theme is adhered to from the earliest days of the church to the ecumenical conferences of 1937.

One of the most interesting lessons to be learned from this excellent book is the eternal struggle between the institutional and the spiritual church. Here is a vivid picture of man's need for institutions and their hostility to man's spirit. This is the age-old struggle brought home to Americans so forcibly in the life and writings of Emerson. But Dr. Richardson brings out clearly and well the fact that the institutional and the spiritual are complementary rather than antithetical. In his timely discussion of the movement toward union, the author emphasizes another truth: the Grace of God has been brought to man through various forms and through different communions. This is an excellent book; buy it and read it.

C. A. HAWLEY.

Great Captain

ROOSEVELT: A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER. *By Emil Ludwig. New York: Viking Press.* $3.00.

America's Roosevelt in action, most controversial of outstanding characters, with the possible exception of Adolf Hitler, has tempted the fecund pen of Mr. Emil Ludwig, famed well and otherwise for a mighty gallery of salient personalities headed by Napoleon and ending with Cleopatra. We see F. D. R. moving from childhood, through youth, maturity, and inhibited manhood, to the seats of the mighty. Through Roosevelt's eyes we see not merely his own early cataclysms, but these appearing preludatory to America's, so that, through skillful interweaving, protagonist and drama are one.

Power, suppressed and increased due to infantile paralysis, bursting by force of necessity its fleshly barriers to the mastery of a world, thus becomes the main-

(*Continued on page* 48)

Correspondence

Jews and Arabs in Palestine

Editor of UNITY:

In an editorial note of UNITY, August 1, headed "Massacres in Palestine Again," discussing the Jew-Palestine question, it is stated that "Palestine must be used to save refugee Jews to the very limit of its opportunities." People in England and the United States are evidently incapable of looking with an unbiased mind upon this question of Jews and Arabs and Palestine. They have blindly accepted Palestine for the Jews in complete disregard of the Arabs, possessors of the land for two thousand years and more. And why? The Jews are the elect, the people of the Bible, the bankers of the world; their influence, sentimental and material, and their talent demand attention, now that they are in trouble.

Sentimentality cannot solve the question. Perhaps it may be of interest to present the case from a realistic point of view.

The Jew is driven out from one or another country. Is that a reason for depriving the Arab of his? The dumping of the Jew upon the Arab is his destruction.

The Arabs are a half-civilized people, as civilization is accepted today, incapable of resistance, fit to be arbitrarily deprived of their country of which they make so little.

An English statement, backed by sentiment in England and the United States, declared that it must be so, that Palestine is to be the home of the Jews. It mattered not that another Englishman had previously assured the Arabs full liberty in their several countries, in recompense for valuable services rendered when specially needed.

Palestine must be the home of the Jews, because it was so once. That it has not been such for the last two thousand and more years, that it was voluntarily abandoned by them, does not seem to count.

President Wilson proclaimed the principle that every nation should determine for itself whether it is to be self-ruled or subjected to another. He failed to carry it out, but is it less noble because might and trickery prevailed?

A wave of antagonism has risen against the Jews. They are turned out from one country and menaced in others, and a home must be found for them. But why deprive another people of theirs? One wrong cannot be repaired by another. To compensate the Jews for the wrong done them by wronging the Arabs is sheer immorality. Sentiment, money, and might are working for the accomplishment of such an end.

Many talk of the iniquity of the cry in some nations where, for the sake of the purity of the race, they call for the expulsion of the Jews from countries which they have inhabited by election for generations, countries which they have enriched by their industry and talent. This is cruel, inhuman. There is, however, no people more conservative, more determined to preserve its race from contamination with other races, than the Jews. The religion of the Jew is the Jew for the Hebrew; the rest is of no account.

The question of the Jewish citizen has reached its apex in Germany. It is developing in other countries—in Poland, Roumania, Russia, Italy, and elsewhere.

The question is very serious. It becomes tragic before the fact that no country is willing to admit the expelled Jews. In the present case, their opportunity is Palestine, in which country they are not wanted because it means the dispossession of one people by right of might for the sake of another in want, and this prompted by the sentiment of the most democratic, most constitutional, most recognized country for its liberty-loving institutions, England, and backed by whom? By the people of the United States!

The division of Palestine between Jews and Arabs is no solution. The Arabs are poor, but they are rich in numbers. The Jews, supported financially to an unlimited degree, will never establish satisfactory relations between the two peoples. The forcible seizure of half of their country can only be destructive to the Arabs.

This question of the Jews is at its start; it will grow. The late government of Roumania came to power with hue and cry against the Jews; it gave way not because the country was at variance with it, but because it failed to face the international, the financial power that it provoked. In Poland they are inquiring for a country to which they may emigrate their Jews.

The rights of the Arabs have been wilfully and contemptuously ignored, and the Arabs are standing up for them in desperation. For the Arabs, Jewish ascendancy is tyranny.

The right of England, in this case, is might; the right of the Jew is wealth. Will these two mights united prevail to oust the Arab from his home?

P. M. MATTHÉEFF,
Bulgarian Correspondent.

Sofia, Bulgaria

An Object Lesson

Editor of UNITY:

The shocking events at the Philadelphia County Prison recall a striking story told to me by Prof. George Kirchwey. When he was appointed warden of Sing Sing he found that the prisoners' diet was very monotonous and unappetizing. He got a nutrition expert, a Quaker woman from Columbia University, to map out a new diet that should be at once wholesome and appetizing. The prisoners received it with enthusiasm.

Presently the man in charge of the prison farm applied to him for money to buy corn to feed the hogs. It was the first time in thirty years, he said, that he had had to ask for it. "Why, what have the hogs been fed upon?" asked Professor Kirchwey. "The scraps from the prisoners' table, but now there are no scraps." Next came the prison doctor; he said, "I believe somebody has been poisoning the prisoners' minds against me. There is not one-tenth as many calls for my services as usual." Then came the man in charge of the prison court, a tribunal that had been set up by Thomas Mott Osborne to try cases of quarrels and fights between the prisoners. He said, "There is something going on in the prison that I do not understand. We used to have a case or two before the court almost every day; now for a number of days we have not had any. Observers come out from the city to see the prison court in operation and we have nothing to show them."

Professor Kirchwey added proudly, "And the new diet did not cost a cent more than the old one."

He told me he believed that when there is trouble in any prison the real cause is generally the food; and that the attitude of the prison authorities toward the prisoners needs to be changed. They are apt to look upon them merely as a bunch of crooks who ought to be only too glad to get anything at all to eat. More men come out of our prisons and jails every year than graduate from all of our colleges and universities, and it is a matter of importance to the public whether they come out of prison better or worse than when they went in.

The recent terrible events in the Philadelphia County prison began with a hunger strike of more than 600 prisoners against the monotony of their diet, and this led up to the developments that have horrified the country. It would be as cheap in money, and far cheaper in every other way, to see to it that prisoners should get plain but appetizing food.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Cambridge, Mass.

Too Weary for Religion

Editor of UNITY:

However great may be the eloquence and the forceful logic of religious teachers or preachers, nonetheless there are many people who are so tired and weary that they would still remain uninterested in the Christian belief. These individuals would not stir out of their accustomed routine of life even though they were convinced that the noblest religious beliefs are true. This is because the wear and tear of the present-day industrial life is so weighty that countless numbers have been sucked dry of all spiritual energy. They would not give the excuse of the biblical figures who said they had too much else to do. They would say they are too tired for such matters. Granting that there is a noble worth to religious matters, it will be necessary for those interested in religion's spread to find some means which will serve as a dynamic to the otherwise spiritually indifferent.

CARL PETERSON.

Chicago, Ill.

Commendation

Editor of UNITY:

Congratulations to James H. Cousins on the finest article I've found on the creative function of the artist. It is splendid!

V. FRIEDERIKA VANBUSKIRK.

Roann, Ind.

THE STUDY TABLE

(*Continued from page* 46)

spring of Roosevelt's life, and with this thesis, we feel, no critical observer can justly quarrel. As to the use to which that power has been put during nearly eight epoch-making years of a most fateful presidency, that is another matter. Whether our hero most resembles (as Mr. Ludwig poses) Mirabeau . . . "the last champion of Capitalism," or (as we see it) either Augustus or Napoleon III, must be left to whatever scattered readers a slashing, indiscriminate American criticism have not blinded to a book which, whatever its faults, is likely to stand not only as a capital commentary on a revolutionary era and its executive, but, what is more, a finished, well-rounded work of art.

ROBERT SCHALLER

"Peacemobiles"

"Peacemobiles" recently acquired a silent film of the Sack of Nanking taken by two American missionaries. This will be shown in conjunction with the sequence of talking and silent films which Dr. Francis S. Onderdonk supplements with his comments: "Thunder Over China," "Spain," "From World War to World Community."

On his eighth European tour Dr. Onderdonk attended the International Summer School at Pontigny, France; he further interviewed Austrian refugees who told him of the sub-human persecutions in Vienna.

From November 1 to December 2 Dr. Onderdonk will tour the eastern states; during the rest of the season he will be available in the Midwest with the above films and lectures on "Austria—The Vanishing of an Empire" and "Czechoslovakia."

Inquiries should be addressed to Dr. Francis S. Onderdonk, 1331 Geddes Avenue, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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The Field

(*Continued from page* 34)

Victoria without Disraeli

Nazi "culture" continues to flower in the most curious ways. Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* was played without Peer Gynt's praise of the Jews. Handel's Old Testament oratorios were critically examined for their "Jewishness." And now Laurence Housman's play, *Victoria Regina*, is being played without Disraeli.

The scene between Queen Victoria and Lord Beaconsfield has been omitted "on racial grounds." A Jew cannot be portrayed on a German stage as anything but a villain. It is an eloquent testimony as to the poverty of first-class acting talent in Naziland that the role of Queen Victoria had to be entrusted to two actresses, one playing the young queen and the other the old queen. Even then neither of the actresses was equal to her part.

Nofrontier News Service.

Italian Insignia Returned

To show his disapproval of Signor Mussolini's anti-Jewish decrees, M. Henry Bernstein, the celebrated French dramatist, returned the insignia of a high Italian honor conferred upon him in 1923.

In a telegram to Mussolini, M. Bernstein said:

> Excellency — In 1923 I was greeted magnificently in Rome. All the big theaters of the city simultaneously played one of my works, and I was banqueted by the most distinguished of your writers and artists, under the chairmanship of a Minister who welcomed me in your name.
>
> Since then my works have been produced daily all over Italy, and I have received from the public of your splendid country and its men of letters, its leaders and even yourself, Excellency, evidences of esteem which I shall never forget. You also bestowed on me one of the highest honors of the realm in making me an Officer of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazare.
>
> Allow me today to return this decoration to you. I cannot look on it as an honor to wear it while you are persecuting in the name of a newly-conceived racialism, blameless Italian citizens.—HENRY BERNSTEIN.